



THE
CHARACTER
OF
MAN:

Laid forth
In a SERMON
Preach't at the
COURT,
March, 1^o.

1634.

Hall (Joseph)

BY

The L. Bishop of
EXETER.

LONDON,
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VERA EF
JOSEPHI

his Picture
Mind, wh
here's Wife
Rule over
Against the
the Reverend

VERA EFFIGIES REVERENDI DOMINI
JOSEPHI HALL NORWICI EPISCOPI.



This Picture represents the Forme, where dwells
Mind, which nothing but that Mind excels.
There's Wildome, Learning, Wit; there Grace & Love
Rule over all the rest: enough to prove,
Against the forward Conscience of this Time,
The Reverend Name of BISHOP is no Crime.

THE
E
L
ni
is





TO
**THE RIGHT
 HONOURABLE**
 and my ever most wor-
 thily honoured Lord,

**EDWARD
 LORD DENNY,**
 Baron of **WALTHAM,**
 Earle of **Norwich.**

Right Honourable,

AS one that hath no
 power to stand out a-
 gainst the importu-
 nity of him, whose least motion
 is justly went to passe with me,
 for

THE EPISTLE.

for a command, I have here
sent your Lo^d the copie of my
Sermon, lately preacht at the
Court; which partly the di-
stance, and partly the inconve-
nience of the place, and season
would not suffer you to heare;
that now your eare may be sup-
plied by your eye; though not
without some disadvantage on
my part: Let it lie by you, as a
private and faithfull Mo-
nitor in stead of

Your Lo^d. truly and sin-
cerely devoted in all
observance,

Jos. Exon.

THE
CHARACTER
OF MAN.

PSAL. 144. 3.

Lord what is man that thou takest knowledge of him; or the sonne of man that thou makest account of him?

Man is like unto vanity, &c.

MY Text, and so my Sermon too, is the just character of man; A common, and stale theme, you will say; but a needfull one: we are all apt to misknow or to forget

The Character of Man.

what we are; No blacks, nor
soule-bells, nor deaths heads
on our rings, nor funerall ser-
mons, nor tombes, nor Epi-
taphes can fixe our hearts e-
nough upon our fraile, and
miserable condition; And if
any man have tondescended
to see his face in the true loo-
king glasse of his wretched
frailty, so soon as his back is
turned hee forgets his shape
straight; Especially at a Court
where outward glory would
seem to shoulder out the
thoughts of poore despicable
mortality; Give mee leave
therefore, (Honourable and
beloved) to ring my owne
kniell in your eares this day,
and to call home your eyes a
little, and to shew you that
which

which I feare you too sel-
dome see, your selves. Lent
and funeralls are wont still to
go both in one Livery: There
is no book so well worthy
reading as this living one;
Even now *David* spake as a
King of men, Of people sub-
dued under him; now hee
speakes as an humble vassall
to God: *Lord what is man that
thou takest knowledge of him?*

In one breath is both so-
veraignty and subjection; An
absolute soveraignty over his
people; *My people are subdued
under me*; An humble subje-
ction to the God of Kings;
Lord, what is man? Yea, in the
very same word wherein is
the profession of that sove-
raignty, there is an acknow-
ledge-

ledgement of subjection; *Thou*
hast subdued my people; In that
 he had people, he was a King;
 that they might be his people,
 a subjugation was requisite;
 and that subjugation was
 Gods, and not his own; *Thou*
hast subdued; Lo David had not
 subdued his people, if God
 had not subdued them for
 him; Hee was a great King,
 but they were a stiffe people;
 The God that made them
 swayed them to a due subje-
 ction; The great Conquerors
 of worlds, could not conquer
 hearts, if hee that molded
 hearts did not temper them;
By me Kings reigne saith the
 Eternall willdome; and he that
 had courage enough to en-
 counter a Beare, a Lion, *Goliath*,
 yet

yet can say: *Thou hast subdued my people.*

Contrarily, in that lowliest subjection of himselfe, there is an acknowledgement of greatnesse; though he abaseth himselfe with a *What is man*, yet withall, he addes, *thou takest knowledge of him, thou makest account of him*; And this knowledge, this account of God, doth more exalt man, then his own vanity can depresse him.

My Text then, yee see, is *Dauids* rapture, expressed in an extaticall question of sudden wonder; a wonder at God, and at man; Mans vilenesse: *What is man*? Gods mercy and favour, in his knowledge, in his estimation
of

of man : Lo, there are but two lessons that we need to take out here, in the world, God, and man; and here they are both : Man in the notion of his wretchednesse; God, in the notion of his bounty : Let us (if you please) take a short view of both, and in the one see cause of our humiliation, of our joy and thankfulness in the other, & if in the former, there be a sad Lent of mortification, there is in the latter, a cheartull Easter of our raising and exaltation.

Many a one besides *David*, wonders at himsele, one wonders at his own honor, and though hee will not say so, yet thinkes What a great man am I ? Is not this great

Ba-

Babel which I have built?
This is *Nebuchadnezzars* wonder: Another wonders at his person, and findes either a good face, or a faire eye, or an exquisite hand, or a well shap't leg, or some gay fleece to admire in himselfe: This was *Absalons* wonder: Another wonders at his wit, and learning: How came I by all this? *Turba hæc*. This vulgar that knowes not the law, is accursed. This was the *Pharisees* wonder. Another wonders at his wealth, Soule, take thine ease, as the *Epicure* in the Gospell. *Dauids* wonder is as much above, as against all these; hee wonders at his vilenesse: Like as the chosen vessell would boast of nothing

thing, but his infirmities: *Lord what is man?*

How well this hangs together? No sooner had hee said, *Thou hast subdued my people under me*, then he adds, *Lord what is man?*

Some vaine heart would have beene lifted up with a conceit of his own eminence; Who I? I am not as other men; I have people under me; and people of my owne; and people subdued to mee; This is to bee more then a man; I know who hath said, *I said ye are Gods*. Besides *Alexander* the great, how many of the *Roman Cæsars* have been transported with this self-admiration, and have challenged Temples, Altars, Sacrifices.

How

How have they shared the moneths of the yeare among them; April must be *Neranius*, May *Claudius*, Iune *Germanicus*, September *Antoninus*, *Domitian* will have October, November is for *Tiberius*, by the same token, that when it was tendered to him, he askt the Senat wittily (as *Xiphiline* reports it) what they would doe when they should have more then twelve *Cesars*; But if there were, not moneths enow for them, in the yeare; there were starres enow in the Skie, there was elbow-room enough in their imaginary heaven for their deification. What tell I you of these, a sorry *Clearchus* of Pontus, as *Snidas* tells us, would be worshipped,

worshipped, and have his son called Lightning; *Mene-crates* the Physitian (though not worthy to bee *Esculapius* his Apothecaries boy) yet would be *Iupiter*: *Empedocles* the Philosopher, if it had not been for his shoo would have gone for Immortall. *Sejanus* will be sacrificing to himself. I could tyre you with these prodigies of pride: I could tell you of a *Xerxes* that will be correcting the Hellespont, and writing letters of threat to the mountain *Athos*: of one of his proud Sultan successors *Sapores* that writ himselfe Brother to the Sun, and Moone: of his great neighbour of China that styles himself *Heire* apparent to the living

living Sun : and the wise
Cham of Tartary, Son of the
highest God ; *Caligula* would
ταῖς ὁμοίαις ἀντιβοῦν as *Dio*,
counter-thunder to God ;
and will bee no lesse then *Ju-*
piter Latialis ; And the Scythian
Roilus can say ; It is easie for
him to destroy all that the
Sun lookes upon ; Lord God !
how can the vaine pride of
man befoole him, and carry
him away to ridiculous affe-
ctations ? The man after Gods
own heart is in another vain ;
when he lookes downward,
he sees the people crouching
under him, and confesses his
own just predominancy, but
when hee lookes either up-
ward to God, or inward to
himselfe, he sayes, *Lord what*

is

is man? It should not be, it is not in the power of earthly greatnesse to raise the regenerate heart above it selfe, or to make it forget the true grounds of his own humiliation. *Volet, quantum volet palea*, as he said: Let the light chaffe bee hoised into the ayre, with every winde (as *Psal. 1.*) the solid grain lyes close, and falls so much the lower, by how much it is more weighty. It is but the smoke that mounts up in the furnace, it is but the drosse that swells up in the lump, the pure metall sinks to the bottome, if there be any part of the crucible lower then other, there you shall finde it. The proud mountaines shelve off the rain, and
are

are barren; the humble val-
lies soak it up, and are fruit-
full. Set this pattern before
you ye great ones whom God
hath raised to the height of
worldly honor: Oh be ye as
humble as ye are great: the
more high you are in others
eyes, be so much more lowly
in your owne, as knowing
that hee was no lesse then a
King that said, *Lord what is
man?*

The time was when Da-
vid made this wonder upon
another occasion. *Psal. 8. 3, 4.*
*When I see the heavens, the moon
and the stars that thou hast ordai-
ned, Lord what is man? When
looking over that great night-
piece, and turning over the
vast volume of the world (as*

Gerson

Gerson termes it) hee saw in that large folio, amongst those huge capitall letters, what a little inselible daghes-point man is, he breaks forth into an amazed exclamation *Lord what is man ?* Indeed, how could he doe other ? To compare such a mite, a mote, a nothing with that goodly and glorious vault of heaven, and with those worlds of light, so much bigger then so many globes of earth, hanging, and moving regularly in that bright and spacious con-
tignation of the firmament, it must needs astonish humane reason, and make it ashamed of its own poorenesse : Certainly, if there could bee any man that when hee knowes
the

the frame of the world could wonder at any thing in himselfe, save his owne nothingnesse, I should as much wonder at him, as at the world it selfe.

There *David* wondred to cōpare man with the world; here he wonders too to compare man, with a world of men, and to see that God had done so much for him above others in his advancement, deliverances, victories. But if any man had rather to take this Psalm as a sacred Rhapsody, gathered out of the 18. and 8. and 39. Psalmes; and this sentence as universall; I oppose not, Let this wonder be generall, not so much of *David*, a man selected, as of

B

David

David, a man. These two are well joyned, Lord, What? For however man when hee is considered in himselfe, or compared with his fellow-creatures, may be something; yet when he comes into mention with his maker, he is lesse then nothing. March him with the beast of the field, yea of the desert, even there, however, as *Chrysostom*, every beast hath some one ill quality, but man hath all; yet, in regard of rule, what a jolly Lord he is; here is *omnia subiecisti*, thou hast put all things in subjection to him; Not the fiercest Lyon, not the hugest Elephant, or the wildest Tyger, but, either by force, or wile man becomes his master; and though

though they have left that original awe, which they bare to him so soon as ever he forsook his loyalty to his King; yet still they doe, (not without regret) acknowledge the impressions of Majesty in that upright face of his; Wherefore are they but for man? Some for his labor as the ox; some for his service as the horse: some for his pleasure as the dog, or the ape: some for his exercise, as the beasts of the forest, all for man: But when we look up at his infinite Creator, *Lord what is man?* O God, thou art an intelligible sphere, whose center is every where, whose circumference is no where but in thy selfe: Man is a mere center

without a circumference.
 Thou, O God, in *una essentia*
omnia præhabes, in one essence
 forecomprisest all things, as
Aquinas out of *Dionysius*; man,
 in a poore imperfect compo-
 sition holds nothing. Thou
 art light, hast light, dwellest in
 light inaccessible; Man of
 himselfe is as darke as earth,
 yea as hell. Thou art God al-
 sufficient, the very heathen
 could say, (*ἡμεῖς θεοὶ οὐκ ἔχοντες*);
 It is for none but God to
 want nothing: Man wants
 all but evil: Shortly, thou art
 all holinesse, pover, justice,
 wisdom, mercy, truth, perfe-
 ction: Man is nothing but
 defect, error, ignorance, inju-
 stice, impotence, corruption;
 Lord then, what is man to
 thee

thee but a fit subject for thy
wrath, yet let it bee rather a
meet object of thy commise-
ration; Behold we are vile,
thou art glorious; let us adore
thine infinitenesse, doe thou
pitty our wretchednesse. *Lord*
what is man?

Leave wee comparisons;
Let us take man as he is him-
selfe; It is a rule of our olde
country man of *Hales*, the a-
cute master of *Bonaventure*,
that a man should bee *rigidus*
sibi, pius aliis, rigorous to him-
selfe, kinde to others: Surely,
as *Naxianzen* observes, in one
kinde, that nothing is more
pleasing to talk of then other
mens busineses, so, there is
nothing more easie, then for a
man to be wittily bitter in in-

vectives against his own condition; who hath not braine, and gall enough to be a Timon, *depreciari carnem hanc* (as *Tertullian* speaks,) to disparage humanity; and like an angry Lion to beat himselfe to blood with his owne sterne; Neither is it more rife for dogs to bark at men, then men at themselves. Alas, to what purpose is this currish clamour? Wee are miserable enough though wee would flatter our selves; To whose insultation can we be thus exposed but to our owne? I come not hither to sponge you with this vineger, & gall, but give mee leave a little, though not to aggravate, yet to deplore our wretchednes;

There

There can bee no ill blood in this : *Amaritudo sermonum medicina animarū*, this bitterness is medicinall, saith S. Ambrose, I doe not feare wee shall live so long as to know our selves too well. Lord then what is man ? What in his being ? What in his depravation ? How miserable in both ?

What should I fetch the poore wretched infant out of the blinde cavernes of nature, to shame us with our conceptions, and to make us blush at the substance, nourishment, posture of that which shall be a man; There he lyes, senselesse for some moneths (as the heathen Orator truly observes,) as if hee had no soule. When hee

comes forth into the large womb of the world, his first greeting of his mother is with cryes and lamentations, (and more hee would cry if hee could know into what a world he comes) recompencing her painefull throwes with continuall unquietnes; what sprawling, what wringing, what impotēce is here? There lyes the poore little Lording of the world, not able to helpe himselfe, whiles the new yeaned Lambe rises up on the knees, and seeks for the teates of her damme, knowing where and how to finde reliefe, so soone as it begins to bee. Alas, what can man doe, if hee bee let alone, but make faces, and noyses, and

and dye? *Lord what is man?*
This is his ingresse into the
world; his progresse, in it, is
no better. From an impotent
birth, hee goes on to a silly
childhood; if no body should
teach him to speake what
would hee doe? Historians
may talk of, *Bec*, that the un-
taught infant said, I dare say
he learn't it of the goates, not
of nature; I shall as soone be-
leeve that *Adam* spake Dutch
in Paradise according to *Goro-
pius Becanus* his idle fancy, as
that the childe meant to speak
an articulate word unbidden:
And if a mother or nurse did
not tend him, how soone
would he be both noysome,
& nothing; Where other crea-
tures stand upon their owne
feet

fect and are wrapt in their owne naturall mantles, and tend upon their dams for their sustenance, and finde them out amongst ten thousand.

Yea the very spider weaves so soon as ever it comes out of the egge: As soone as age and nurture can bestow him in any wit, hee falls to shifts, all his ambition is to please himselfe in those crude humours of his yong vanity: If hee can but elude the eyes of a nurse or Tutor, how safe hee is? Neither is he yet capable of any other care, but how to decline his own good, and to be a safe truant, It is a large time that our Casuists give him, that, at seven yeares, hee begins

gins to lye; Vpon time and
tutorage, what devises hee
hath to feed his appetite?
what fetches to live? And if,
now, many successions of ex-
periments have furnisht him
with a thousand helps, yet, as
it is in the text (קִרְיָא אָדָם) *What*
is Adam, and the son of *Enosh*?
How was it with the first
man? how with the next?
Could we look so far back as
to see *Adam* and *Eve*, when
they were new turned out of
Paradise; in *dignam exilio ter-*
ram (as *Nazianzen* speakes of
his *Pontick* habitation) Oh
that hard-driven, and misera-
ble paire! The perfection of
their invention and judge-
ment was lost in their sinne;
their soule was left no lesse
naked

naked then the body. How wofully doe we thinke they did scramble to live? they had water and earth before them, but fire, an active and usefull element, was yet unknowne; Plants they had, but metalls whereby they might make use of those plants, and redact them to any forme, for instruments of work, were yet (till *Tubal-cain*) to seek. Here was *Adam* delving with a jawbone, and harrowing with sticks tyed uncouthly together, and paring his nailes with his teeth: there *Eve* making a comb of her fingers; & tying her raw-skin'd breeches together with rindes of trees, or pinning them up with thornes. Here was *A-*

dam

Adam tearing off some aime of
 a tree, to drive in those stakes
 which he hath pointed with
 some sharp flint; there *Eve* set-
 ching in her water in a shell;
 Here *Adam* the first mid-wife
 to his miserable consort, and
Eve wrapping her little one in
 a skin, lately borrowed from
 some beast, and laying it on a
 pillow of leaves, or grasse;
 Their fist was their hammer,
 their hand their dish, their
 armes and legges their ladder,
 heaven their Canopy, and
 earth their setherbed, & now
 (FINIS) What is *Adam*? In
 time Art beganne to improve
 nature; Every dayes experi-
 ments brought forth some-
 thing; and now, man durst
 affect to dwell, not safe, but
 faire;

faire, to be clad, not warme
but fine, and the palate waxt
by degrees, wanton, & wilde;
the back and the belly strove
whether should be more lu-
xurious; and the eye affected
to be more prodigal then they
both; and ever since, the am-
bition of these three hath
spent, & wearyed the world;
so as in the other extreme we
may well cry out, *Lord what is
man?*

For, to rise up with his age
and the worlds now, when
man is grown ripe in all pro-
fessions, an exquisite artist, a
learned Philosopher, a stout
champion, a deep politician,
whither doth he bend all his
powers, but to attain his own
ends, to crosse anothers? to

greaten

greaten himselfe, to supplant a
rivall, to kill an enemy, to em-
broile a world; Mans heart (as
Bernard well) is a mill, ever
grinding some grist, or other,
of his own devise; and I may
adde, if there bee no graine to
work upon, sets it self on fire.
Lord what is man? (even after
the accession of a professed
Christianity) but a butcher of
his owne kinde? *Seneca* told
his *Lucilius* (the same that
Job hath) that *civere militare*
est; It is true now not morally
but literally: What a wofull
shambles is Christendome it
selfe ever since the last Comet
becomne. Fryer Dominick
was according to his mothers
dream a dog with a firebrand
in his mouth, sure ever since,
religion

religion hath been fiery and bloody. *Homicida cucurbitarum*, was the style that *S. Austin* gave to *Manicheus*; now every man abroad strives to be *bomicida Christianorum*: As if men were grown to the resolution of the old Tartars, of whom *Haytonus*, they thought it no sin to kill a man, but not to pull off their horses bridle when hee should feed; this they held mortall. What hills of carcasses are here? What rivers of blood; *At tu domine usquequo?* How long Lord, how long shall men play the men in killing? and seek glory in these ambitious murders. Oh stay, stay thou preserver of men, these impetuous rages of inhumane mankinde,

kinde, and scatter the people
that delight in warre : And
blessings be upon the anoin-
ted head of the King of our
peace, under whose happy
scepter we enjoy these calme
& comfortable times, whiles
all the rest of the world is
weltring in blood, and scor-
ching in their mutuall flames;
May all the blessings of our
peace returne upon him, who
is (under God) the author of
these blessings, and upon his
seed for ever, and ever.

How willingly would I
now forget (as an old man
easily might) to turne back to
the dispositions, studies, cour-
ses of man, commonly bent
upon the prosecution whe-
ther of his lust, or malice: Wo

C

is

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C

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is he, how is his time spent? In hollow visits, in idle court-ings, in Epicurean pamperings, in fantastick dressings, in lawlesse disports, in deepe plots, crafty conveyances, quarrelous law-suits, spightfull underminings, corradging of riches, cozeing in cōtracts, revenging of wrongs, suppressing the emulous, oppressing inferiours, mutining against authority, eluding of lawes, and what shall I say? in doing all but what hee should, so as in this, man approves *Polybins* his word too true, that he is both the craftiest of all creatures, & most vicious; and in the best and all his wayes makes good the word in my text (even in this sense)

sense) *Man is like unto Vanity*; yea like is not the same; *Man is altogether Vanity. P sal. 39. 6.* Indeed so more then vanity that we may rather say vanity is like to man; What a deale of variety of vanity here is; Ones is a starved vanity, anothers a pamperd one; ones a Ioviall vanity, anothers a sul-len one; ones a silken vanity, anothers a ragged one; ones a carelesse vanity, anothers a carking; and all these rivu-lets runne into one com-mon Ocean of vanity, at last, *universa Vanitas omnis homo*; In this busie variety doth he weare out the time and himselfe, till age or sicknesse summon him to his dis-solution; But the whiles, in

the few minutes of our life,
how are our drams of pleasure
lost in our pounds of gal;
Anguish of soule, troubles of
minde, distempers of body,
losses of estate, blemishes of
reputation, miscariages of
children, mis-casualties, un-
quietnesse; paines, griefes,
feares take up our hearts, and
forbid us to enjoy, not happi-
nesse, but our very selves; so as
our whole life sits like *Augu-
stus, inter suspiria & lachrymas*
betwixt sighes and teares; and
all these hasten us on to our
end; and wo is me, how soon
is that upon us? I remember
Gerson brings in an English-
man asking a Frenchman
Quot annos babes? (how many
yeares are you?) a usuall latin
phrase

phrase when we aske after a mans age; his answer is *Annos non habeo*; I am of no yeares at al, but death hath forborn me these fifty; Surely we cannot make account of one minute: besides the vanity of unprofitablenesse, here is the vanity of transitorinesse. How doth the momentaninesse of this misery adde to the misery; what a flowre, a vapour, a smoke, a bubble, a shadow, a dreame of a shadow our life is? We are going, and then a carelesse life is shut up in a disconsolate end, and God thinkes it enough to threat, *Ye shall die like men*: Alas, this wormeaten apple soon falls; *vitreum hoc corpusculum* (as *Erasmus* termes it) is soone
C 3 crackt,

crack, and broken. It is not for every one to have his soule suckt out of his mouth with a kisse as the Jewes say of *Moses*. He that came into the world with cryes, goes out with groanes, The pangs of death, the anguish of conscience, the shrieking of friends, the frights of hell meet now together to render him perfectly miserable, and now, *Lord, what is man?* Well, he dyes, saith the Psalmist, and then all his thoughts perish; Lo what a word here is? *All his thoughts perish*. What is man but for his thoughts? Those are the only improvement of reason, and that in an infinite variety: One bends his thoughts upon some busie controversies,

controversies, perhaps *nec gemo ab ovo*; another, upon some deep plot of State to be molded up (like to *China* clay) some hundred yeares after, another, hath cast models in his brain of some curious fa-brick wherewith he will enrich the surface of the earth; another hath in his active imagination hookt in his neighbours inheritance, and takes care to convey it; one studies Art, another fraud, another the art of fraud; one is laying a foundation for future greatnesse, as low as hell; another, is laying on a gilded roof where is no firme foundation, each one is taken up with severall thoughts, when hee dies all those thoughts perish;

all those castles in the ayre
 (τερελοκκωρια, as *Aristophanes* his
 word is) vanish to nothing;
 onely his ill thoughts stick by
 him, and wait on his soule to
 his hell: But I have not yet
 done with the body: *Rame-*
ses which signifieth wormes,
 is our last station in this wil-
 dernesse; yet one step lower
e corpore vermes, e vermibus
fator, as *Bernard* well: Hee
 that was rotted with disor-
 der, would be sweetned with
 odors; but it is more then all
 Arabia can doe, neither is
 there more horror in the face
 of death, then in his breath,
 noysomenesse. *Lord what is*
man? But alas, it is well for
 this part that it is for the time
 senselesse; the living Spirit
 payes

payes the while for all, which if it bee but a mere man, is hurried by diuels immediately, into the dreadfull regions of horror, and death, and there lyes for ever, and ever, and ever in unsufferable, unutterable, unconceivable torments, without all possibility of intermission, of mitigation. Oh wo wo wo to those miserable soules that ever they were created. And now, *Lord what is man?*

Ye have seen man divided by his times, in his ingresse, progresse, egress, or, in *Latantius* his termes, in his originall, state, dissolution: See him now, at one glance, divided in his parts, *Bernards* two mites, A body and a soule;
What

What is man then? A goodly creature he is: When I looke upon this stirring pile, I can say, I am fearefully, and wonderfully made. Lord, I can admire thee in me, and yet abase my selfe: thou art so much more wonderfull in thy workes, by how much I am viler: What is this body of mine but a piece of that I tread upon, a sack of dust (if not *saccus stercorum* as Bernard) a sewer of ill humours, a magazine of diseases, a feast of wormes; And as for that better part, the inmate of this ragged cottage, though as it proceeds from thee, it is a pure immortall spirit, a sparke of thine heavenly fire, a glimpse of thy divine light, yet as it is mine,

mine, how can I pity it? Alas, how darke it is with ignorance? For what have I here but that *cognitionem nocturnam*, which *Aquinas* yeelds to worse creatures, how foule and muddy with error, *nec quis error turpitudine caret*, there is no error that is not nasty as *Austin* truly; how earthly and grosse with misaffections, *præcedit carnem in crimine*, it ushers the flesh in sinfull courses, as *Bernard*; how as unlike thee, as like him that marred it? And, if both parts in their kind were good, yet put together they are naught; Earth is good, and water is good, yet put together they make mudd and mire. Lord then what is man?

Such

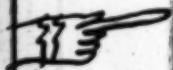
Such is nature now in her
 best dresse, but if ye look up
 on her in the worst of her de-
 pravation, ye shall not more
 wonder at her misery, then
 her ugly deformity; (*Materia
 vilis, operatio turpis* as Bernard)
 and in a detestation (more
 then pity) of her loathlinesse,
 shall cry out; *Lord what is
 man?* I doe not tell you of
 bloody Turkes, man-eating
 Canniballs, mungrell Tro-
 glodites feeding upon bu-
 ried carcasses, Patavian pan-
 darisme of their own daugh-
 ters, or of miserable Indians
 idolatrously adoring their di-
 vellish Pagodes, I meddle not
 with these remote prodigies
 of lost humanity; Yet these
 goe for men too, I speak of
 more

more civill wickednesse, inci-
dent to the ordinary courses
of men. It is sweetly said of
S. Chrysostome; Alas, what is
sicknesse, what is blindnesse,
nihil sunt ista d. homo; These are
nothing, *unum duntaxat malum*
est peccare, there is no evil to
sin: If then man be such, as
man, what is he as a sinner?
when his eyes are the burn-
ing glasses of concupiscentie,
his tongue a razor of detraction,
his throat an open sepul-
cher of good names & patri-
monies, his heart a mine of
treasons, and villanies; his
hands the engines of fraud
and violence; Shortly, when
he is debauched with lust, with
riot, with intemperance, tran-
sporting with pride, insolence,
fury;

fury, pardon mee, now, man
 is a beast, *Psal. 74.* that is yet
 too easie, a monster; yet once
 more pardon mee, a divell; if
 the word seeme too harsh, it
 is my Saviours *unus vestrum*
diabolus, one of you is a divel;
 In this case, his best is vanity,
 his next wickednesse, his
 worst is despaire and damna-
 tion. Is there any of you
 now that heares me this day,
 that findes cause to be in love
 with, or proud of himselfe as
 a man? Let me see him, and
 blesse my selfe: Surely, if there
 be glory in shame, power in
 impotence, pleasure in misery,
 safety in danger, beauty in de-
 formity, he hath reason. I re-
 member the learned Chan-
 cellor of Paris, when in his
 tract

tract upon the *Magnificat*, hee describes beauty, to be *conformitas exemplaris*; hee instances that if we see a toad well and lively pictured, We say *Ecce pulchrè pictum bufonem*; Oh the loathly beauty of our conformity, to the naturall condition of man, yea of Satan in him. The philosopher did well to thanke God that hee was a man, but, if I had beene by him, I should have bidden him to bewaile himselfe that he was but a man; and, I say to every of you, whom I now see, and speak unto; that if ye be but men, it had beene better ye had never been; If men, ye are but *σαρκεώδεις*. 1 Cor. 3. 3. so the vulgar turnes it, men are but flesh, & flesh is a title
given

given to the Egyptian horses,
by way of disparagement
too; Their horses are but
flesh *Esa. 31. 2.* and flesh and
blood cannot inherite the
Kingdome of God, it can, if
doth, it must inherite misery,
sorrow, corruption, torment;
It cannot claime, it cannot
hope, for more, for other pa-
trimony. Oh then, as you
tender your owne eternall
safety, be not quiet till yee bee
more then men, till yee have
passed a new birth; It was
wise Zeno's word, *Difficile*
est hominem exuere, it is hard to
put off the man, hard, but ne-
cessary, off hee must, *Nisi me*
mutassem was Socrates his
word; till then, your condi-
on, (what ever it may bee in
civill



civill and secular regards) is
unexpressibly wofull. That
same *interior cordis homo*, the
inner man of the heart (the
phrase whereof *S. Ambrose*
doth so much wonder at in
S. Peter) is that, which ye must
both finde, and look to; O-
therwise, let your outside bee
never so beautifull, never so
glorious, ye are no better then
misery it selfe. Downe then,
dust and ashes, downe with
those proud plumes of the
vainmiscōceits of thine own
goodlinesse, beauty, glory:
Thinke thy selfe but so vile as
thou art, there will bee more
danger of thy selfe contempt:
Would our vaine dames be-
stow so much curious cost on
this woful piece, if they could

blow

D

sec

see themselves, as well as their glasses? Who is so foolish to cast away gilding upon a clay wall, or a crackt pitcher; yea to enamell a bubble? would our gallants so overpamper this wormes meat, if they could be sensible of their owne vilenesse? The Chancellor of Paris tells us of King *Lewes* the Saint, that he regarded not, *quam delicato cibo ster-cus conficeretur, nec coquus ver-mium esse volebat*; hee would be no cook for the wormes; such would bee our resolution, if wee knew our selves. Oh seasonable and just prayer of *David*! *Let them know they are but men*! Could they know this, how many inselencies, and proud out-rages would

would be spared ? how many good houres, how many useful creatures would escape their luxurious wast ?

It is out of mere ignorance that man is so over-glad of himselfe, so puffed up above his brethren ; There are but two things, as one notes well, that the naturall man is most proud of, Knowledge, and Power ; Surely if he had one of these to purpose, hee could be proud of neither, know thy self, O man, and be proud if thou canst. Why then doth the rich Landlord grate upon his poore scraping Tenant ? Why doth the silken courtier brow-beat his russet counterman ? Why do potent Lords
(decepti floridate purpura as Am-

brose speakes) trample upon that peasantly mold, which nature hath, not in kinde, differenced from their owne; since, if great ones could bee more men, they would bee more miserable. Why do we, how dare we insult on each other since wee are all under one common doome of miserable mortality? Why doe we fixe our thoughts upon these cottages of clay, which are every houre going into dust, and not make sure work for those glorious and eternall mansions wherein dwells our interminable, and incomprehensible blessednesse, longing that this mortall may put on immortality, this corruptible incorruption,
Come

Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Do not thinke now that I have all this while done, as I have seen some in a throng, or as hood-winkt boyes in their sport struck my friends.

The regenerate man is an Angelical creature, And man, what ever he bee in other regards, yet, as he comes out of Gods mold, is the great master-piece of his Creator, (וְיָצַק) thou hast taken knowledge of him : and (תְּחַשְׁבֵהוּ) *reputasti eum*, thou makest account of him : Turne your eyes then from mans vilenesse, to the more pleasing object of Gods mercy; & as you have seen man in the dust of his abasement, so

D 3 now,

now, see him in the throne of his exaltation : This grain after a little frost-biting will sprout up the more ; If elsewhere, the Psalmist say, *Elevans allisisti* ; here it is *allisum elevasti*.

It is a great word; thou takest knowledge of him, Alas, what knowledge do we take of the gnats, that play in the sun, or the Ants, or wormes, that are crawling in our grounds ? yet the disproportion betwixt us and them is but finite ; infinite betwixt God and us. Thou the great God of heavē to take knowledge of such a thing as man ? If a mighty Prince shall vouchsafe to spy and single out a plain homely swain in

a throng (as the great Sultan did lately a Tankerd-bearer) & take speciall notice of him, & call him but to a kisse of his hand, & nearenesse to his person, hee boasts of it, as a great favour; For thee, then, O God, who abasest thy selfe to behold the things in heaven it selfe, to cast thine eye, upon so poore a worme, as man, it must needs bee a wonderfull mercy: *Exigua pauperibus magna*, as *Naxianzene* to his *Amphilochius*. But God takes knowledge of many that he regards not; hee knowes the proud afarre off, but hee hates him; That of *S. Austins* is right, wee are sometimes said not to know that which we approve not, it is therefore ad-

ded, *reputasti eum*, thou makest account of him; An high account indeed; *David* learned this of *Iob*; whose word is, *Thou magnifiest him, and settest thy heart upon him. Iob 7. 17.*

Now this knowledge, this account is by *David* here, either appropriated to himselfe as a King, or diffused, and communicated to him as a man. The fore-text appropriates it; the subtext communicates it. In the immediate words before, had *David* reported what God did for him as a King, that hee was his tower for safety, his deliverer from danger, his shield for protection, his subduer of his enemies, for rule; and now he addes, *Lord what is man that*

that thou takest knowledge of him;
and the son of man that thou ma-
kest account of him; intimating,
that this knowledge, this ac-
count is of David, as a man of
men (*ἀνὰ ἀνδρῶν*) a King of
men; as the Grecians title had
wont to be. It is Godstruth,
it can be neither paradoxe, nor
parafitisme, to say that God
takes speciall knowledge, and
makes speciall account of
Kings; especially the Kings
of his Israel. I have found
David my servant; with my
holy oyle have I anointed
him. *Psal. 88. 21.* See what
a peculiarity here is : My ser-
vant, first, by a propriety, by a
supereminence. My servant
found out or singled from
the rest of mankind, for pub-
lique

מָלִיךְ

lique administration; My
 anointed, when other heads
 are dry; Anointed with holy
 oyle, yea Gods holy oyle,
 whiles other heads with
 common. What should I tell
 you of their speciall ordinati-
 on, *Rom. 13. 1.* Immediate
 deputation, *Psal. 2.* Commu-
 nication of titles, *Exod. 22. 28.*
 אלהים specially of charge and
 protection: *2 Sam. 22. 44.*
 Thus then being choſen, thus
 anointed, thus ordained, thus
 deputed, thus entitled, thus
 protected, well may they ac-
 knowledge more then com-
 mon knowledge and ac-
 count. What will follow
 hence, but that they owe
 more to God then other men;
 ſince more reſpect calls for
 more

more duty, and, that we owe
unto them, those respects, and
observances, which Gods e-
stimation calls for from us.
Homage, obedience, tribute,
prayers, lives, are due from us
to Gods Vicegerents; There
are nations of whom God
may say *Dedi eis regem in ira*:
Even such yet must have all
these duties; But when the
influences of sovereignty are
sweet and gentle, *Sicut ros su-
per herbam*, we cannot too
much poure out our selves,
into gratitude to God for
them, to them under God.
Even so, O thou God of
Kings, still, and ever double
this knowledge and deare ac-
count of thine, upon that thy
Servant, whom thou hast
chosen,

3

chosen, anointed, ordained,
protected, to be the great in-
strument of our peace, and
thy glory.

Let us now see the favour
diffused, to David, not as a
King, but as a man: A sub-
ject not more large, then plea-
sing; what can be more plea-
sing then to heare our owne
praises? what more ample
then Gods mercies to man?
we must but (*Exposition*); and
like skilfull limmers, draw
up this large face, in a penny-
breadth; or like good market
men, cary but an handfull to
sell the whole sack. O God,
what a goodly creature hast
thou made man? Even this
very outside wants not his
glory. The matter cannot
dispa-

disparage it. If thou mad'st
this body of earth, thou ma-
dest the heavens of nothing;
what a perfect symmetry is
here in this frame? what an
admirable variety (as *Zeno*
noted of old) even of faces,
all like, all unlike each other?
what a Majesty in that ere-
cted countenance? what a
correspondence to heaven?
How doth the head of this
microcosme resemble that
round celestial globe, and the
eyes the glittering stars in that
firmament, and the intelle-
ctuall powers in it those An-
gelicall, and spirituall natures
which dwell there? What
should I stand courting of
man in all the rest. There is
not one limme, or parcell in
this

this glorious fabrick, where-
in there is not both use, and
beauty, and wonder. The su-
perior members give influ-
ence, and motion to the low-
er, the lower, supportation to
the superiour, the middle
contribute nourishment to
both: Was it heresie, or fren-
zy, or blasphemy, or all these,
in the Paternians of old, revi-
ved of late times, by *Postellus*
at *Paris*, that man's lower
parts were of a worse author?
Away with that mad misan-
thropy: there is no inch of
this living pile, which doth
not bewray steps of an all-
wise and holy omnipotence.

But oh the inside of this
exquisite piece. As *Socrates*,
Cleambes, and *Anaxarchus*,
though

though heathens, truly said;
That is the man, this is but
the case. Surely this reasona-
ble soule is so divine a sub-
stance, and the faculties of it
invention, memory, judge-
ment so excellent; that it selfe
hath not power enough to
admire its owne worth,
what corner of earth, what
creek of sea, what span of
heaven is unsearcht by it ?
how hath it surrounded this
globe, and calculated the
stars, and motions of the o-
ther ? what simple, or what
metall, or minerall can bee
hid from it ? what eclipse or
conjunction, or other po-
stures of those celestiall bo-
dies can escape its certaine
prediction ? Yea, O Lord,
it

it can aspire, and attaine to know thee the God of spirits, the wonderfull mysteries of thy salvation; to apprehend I meane, never (oh never) to comprehend the wonderfull relations of thy blessed, and incomprehensible essence; *Divine particula aura.* Lord what is man that thou thus makest account of him?

I feare I shall make this Topaze but so much the darker by polishing; but, as wee may, shortly; Next to that the tongue hath not skill enough to tell the wonders of it selfe. That little filme the interpreter of the soule how sweete notes, how infinite varieties of expressions can it forme; and wel-neare utter what
 ever

ever the mind can conceive; where other creatures can but bleat, or bellow, or bray, or grunt, not exceeding the rude uniformity of their own naturall sound: By this, we can both understand our selves, & bless our maker; whence it is that *David* justly styles his tongue, his glory.

Besides his person, how hast thou, O God, ennobled him with priviledges of his condition? How hast thou made him the sole surveyor of heaven, the Lord of the creatures, the commander of the earth, the charge of Angels? Lord, what is man that thou makest this high account of him?

But, what is all this, yet, in comparison of what thou hast done for our soules? I am now swallowed up, O God, with the wonder and astonishment of thy uncon-

ceivable mercies. What shall I say,
 that ere the world was, thou lo-
 vedst man that should be, with an
 everlasting love hast thou embra-
 ced him, who thou madst happy,
 and foresawest forlorn, and mise-
 rable. The Angels sel, thou lettedst
 them goe; Man fell; and, oh thou
 blessed Son of the eternall Father,
 thou wouldst rather divest thy
 self of the robes of heavenly glory,
 and come down, and put on these
 rags of our flesh, & therein indure
 the miseries of a servile life, the
 scorn of wretched men, the pains
 of a bitter, and accursed death, the
 wrath of thy blessed, and coessen-
 tiall Father, then men should not
 be recovered; By thy stripes are we
 healed, by thy blood we are redee-
 med, by thy death we are quicke-
 ned, by thy Spirit wee are renewe-

ed, by thy merits we are saved; and now Lord, what an account is this thou hast made of man?

What a wonderfull honor is this to which thou hast advanced us? By thee, O Saviour, we are not only reconciled to God, but of strangers are become servants of the high God: *Acts 16. 17.* Servants? yea friends: *James 2. 23.* yea sons; the sons of the highest: *Luc. 6. 35.* Sons? yea heires, *Heiretes cum eo* as *S. Ambrose*, coheires with Christ, *Rom. 8.* coinheritors of immortall glory: *1 Pet. 3. 21.*

Yea, that, which all the Angels of heaven stand still amazed at, and can never bee satisfied with admiring, thou hast carryed up this humane nature of ours into the inseparable union with the ever glorious, and blessed Godhead, to be a

dored of all principalities, & pow-
ers, and thrones, and dominions
of heaven.

Lo! that even now could have
beene sory that I was a man, begin-
now to be holily proud of my co-
dition, and know not whether I
may change the man for the An-
gel. Pardon me, ye glorious Spirits;
I durst not speake thus big of my
selfe, but in the right of my Savi-
our, I dare, and must, *non assumpsit*
Angelum sed hominem; Howsoever
man is lower then you, (Alas what
should dust & ashes talk of com-
paring with spirituall & heavenly
powers?) yet I am sure the Son of
man is above you, In him will I
glory: In it selfe your nature is so
much above ours, as it is more spi-
rituall, and nearer to your infinite
Creator: but if the Sonne of God
hath

hath advanced our nature above yours in uniting it to the deity, we cannot so much praise his mercy as you do for us. Yea O ye blessed Angels (whose greatnesse though we must not adore, yet we cannot but awfully acknowledge with due veneration) I may boldly say, ye hold it in no scorn to be (*græuæ & æstheriæ*) serviceable spirits to the behoof of us weak and sinfull men. *Heb. 1. ult.* Ye behold the face of our heavenly father for us. *Mat. 18.* Ye beare us in your armes that we dash not our feet against the stones of offence. *Pf. 91.* Yee pitch your tents about us for our defence: Ye rejoyce in heaven at our conversion; Ye cary up our parting soules into the bosome of Abraham. As this is a wonderfull joy and honor to us; so can it be no derogation

tion from your celestiaall glory and magnificence, since he whom yee professe to serve with us professes that he the Son of man came not to be serued; but to serve. Oh now what can we want whē we have such puruejors? What can we feare whiles wee have such Gardians? whiles we have such conveyance what can let us from ascending into our heaven?

How justly doe we now exult in the glory of man-hood, thus attended, thus united? But, soft, that our rejoycing be not vain, whiles our nature is thus glorious, our person may be miserable enough. Except we bee in Christ, united to the Son of God, wee are never the better for the uniting of this man-hood to God: Where should ambition dwell but at a Court? Oh, be

ye ambitious of this honor, which will make you everlastingly happy. What ever become of your earthly greatnes, strive to be found in Christ, to be partakers of the divine nature, to be favourites of heaven. It is a great word that Zozomen speaks of Apollonia, that hee never askt any thing in all his life; of God, that he obtained nor; if we follow his rule, we shall be sure to be no lesse happy. And now being thus dignified by the knowledge, by the account of God, how should wee strive to walke worthy of so high favours, both in the duty of selfe-estimation, and of gratitude. of selfe-estimation and gratitude Selfe-estimation. For if God make such account of us, why do not we make high account of our selves? I know I doe now spurre a

free horse, when I wish every man
 to think well of one, but there is an
 holy pride, that I must commend
 unto you, with S. Ieron; a pride as
 good, as the other is sinfull; that,
 since God hath so advanced you,
 you should hold your selves too
 good to be the drudges of sin, the
 pack-horses of the world, the vas-
 sals of satan; and thinke these sub-
 lunary vanities too base to carry a-
 way your hearts; It was a brave
 word of the old Iewish Countier
Nehemiah, Should such a man as I flee?
 Say yee so, yee regenerate Toulcs.
 Should such a man as I debauch
 and sin? Should such a man as I
 play the beast? Is it for my upright
 face to grovell? Is it for my affecti-
 ons to walk on all foure? No, let
 beasts be sensuall, let diuels be wic-
 ked, let my heart bee as upright as
 my

my selfe. I will hate to shame my
pedigree; and scorn all the base and
misbecomming pleasures of sin, &
will beate my selfe worthy of the
favourite of heaven.

To Gratitude. In retribution of
praise, and obedience. O God, thou
mightest have made mee a
beast, yea the ugliest of crawling
vermin, that I run away from; I
could not have challenged thee, thy
will and thy workes are free, thy
power absolute; and lo thou hast
made me thy darling, the quintes-
sence of thy Creation, man. I will
praise thee for I am fearefully and
wonderfully made.

Thou mightest have past by me
as an out-cast reprobate soule; and
so, it had bin a thousand times bet-
ter for me never to have been. But
thou hast bought me with a price.

I will praise thee, for I am no lesse wonderfully redeemed; O God, nothing but man, & man regenerate, of all the visible works of thy hands, is capable to give thee the glory of thy mighty creation, of thy gracious redemption. The lowest rank of creatures have not life, the next have not sense, the third have not reason; None but the last hath grace to returne thee the praise of thy blessed power, & mercy. Oh let not us be wanting unto thee, who hast thus superabounded unto us.

But this is not all. Thankes is a poore windy payment. Our returns to God must be real, *Quid retribuam?* what should we render to our God lesse than all? Yea, all is too little for one mercy. We owe our selves to thee, O God, as our
 1
 Creator,

Creator. What have we to give to thee as our bounteous redeemer, as our gracious sanctifier? Thou that givest all, take all. Oh that our bodies, soules, lives, actions could bee wholly consecrated to thee; Oh that we could really, and constantly begin here those Alleluiahs, which we shall ever continue above, amidst the Quire of Saints and Angels giving all praise and honor, and glory, and immortality to thee O blessed Father our Creator, to thee O blessed and coeternall Son our Redeemer, to thee O blessed and coessentiall Spirit our sanctifier, one infinite God, in three most glorious and incomprehensible persons now and evermore, *Amen.*

FINIS.